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GAME

Jane Hill
Editor

Monroe Hide
Managing Editor

Lilian Diaz
Subscriptions Manager

Jack McCann
Typography

GAME is published bi-monthly by Master Publications, 40 Violet Avenue, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601. Single copies \$4.50. Subscriptions: 6 issues \$20.00, cash or international money order). All unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. The publishers will accept no responsibility for material sent in to us. Editorial offices, P.O. Box 428, Nanuet New York 10954. Entire contents copyright 1991. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America.

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DEAR JANE

Letters To The Editor



Dear Jane:

I want to put in my two cents as to what I feel Game magazine should do to improve.

First, some of the stupid text is an insult to many of your readers. If you have nothing to write about, don't write it. Like the old saying goes, "If it's not broke don't try to fix it."

What we want is good, clear photos of sexy women and some good articles along with a few funny cartoons. We want to be entertained—not insulted.

Harvy B.
Manchester, NH

Ok, Harvy, we got the message. Please note the change in this issue and let us know how you feel about it. Our editors have spent many hours working on a new format and we do hope it's what our readers are looking for.

Dear Jane:

I feel that too many of your girls are too skinny. I mean, not that they're bad looking, but they just don't have the kind of tits that are featured in other magazines.

Models should have some personality as well as a figure. So, how about giving us tit guys a break?

George M.
Brooklyn, NY

Hey, listen George, we're trying the best we can to get models, which is not easy. Maybe you know a few gals with big knockers that would like to pose for us.

Dear Jane:

It's been some time since you've given us some nice tubby gals. I love jolly dollies on the heavy side. Not fat, but well stacked.

If you find any, I would like to see some shots from the rear since

I like gals with big round rumps. They should also have legs that are heavy, but well formed. And please, not to forget that we guys are tit-men and want the girls with big, real big, but well formed, lickable, knockers.

How about it?

Mick L.
London, England

Dear Mick:

From your description of what you want in a gal, we'd like to ask you a question. You want a nice plump dolly, with a big rump. Tell me, do you want to eat her or screw her? Maybe both?

Kidding aside, we'll try to find some jolly dollies for you fellows who are looking for plump gals.

Dear Jane:

I must say that you have some of the best looking dames in your publication. But, one problem, not enough good stories. I buy several magazines, for both girls and stories—good stories.

Louie G.
Washington, DC

Dear Louie:

Check out the stories in this issue. They were written by two of the best writers in the field.

Dear Jane:

I just love Lisa Phillips. She's got the looks (both, face and body) that gives me an erection every time I look at her. That's the kind of female I like to bed down. If you can provide models like her, you've made a reader for life.

Don R.
Holyoke, Mass.

Dear Don:

That gal, Lisa Phillips, is a very popular model. She's appeared in several men's magazines, and she

is still in big demand. We've faxed letters to our photographers to be on the lookout for more like her.

One of our staffers, Gary Williams, has even made arrangements to fly to Ireland in search of more sexy Irish lasses such as Lisa. In the meantime, we've contacted the photographer who shot the photos in our last issue. He promised to try and get Lisa for another shooting.

Dear Jane:

Please stop sending your magazine to our place. Several men here have gone into cardiac arrest since you began sending a gift subscription.

Marie S.
Head Nurse

Murphy's Old Age Home

Dear Marie:

We're sorry to hear that. We thought that perhaps we could help the old boys charge their batteries.

Dear Jane:

What do you do with a creep who's been spending all his time taking photos of us gals at the pool. He even invaded our dressing room to take photos of us naked.

Sally V.
Central High

Dear Sally:

We suggest that he send his photos to us. He very well could have the makings of a great girlie photographer.

I would like to hear from you. Write anything, but write. This is your page. Send your letters to: Jane Hill, Game Magazine, P.O. Box 428, Nanuet NY 10954.

I would like to know your thoughts on our new format.

Jane Hill, Editor

THE GAME ROOM



"Gee, I never realized it. Now that I am a free man, sex isn't as much fun as it was when I used to cheat!"

Get a load of this jolly dolly. She's got what it takes to keep you home on a cold winter night. She hails from New Mexico, a state that's known for its sex women.



OUR GAL DOLLY

This bundle of joy hails from beautiful New Mexico. She, and her six sisters and four brothers were raised on a hog farm. She lost interest in the family farm at the age of seventeen. She headed for the hills where she took on work as a guide for eastern dudes looking for gold in the hills.

She did quite well for herself, building a reputation, as well a bank account. The dudes who tried their luck at finding gold were not disappointed. Dolly







She's been modelling for about 7 months and is doing quite well for herself. Before that she was a guide for dudes looking to hit a rich gold find in the hills. "They didn't find any gold, but I made sure they went home satisfied."

made sure they went home with many pleasant memories.

Dolly is known as a girl who can handle her men. "I like men who can give a gal a damn good time between the sheets," she was often heard saying. She claims to have sampled every stud she's ever taken an interest in.

"Listen, I've sampled some damn good bodies," she said at a recent interview. She told us that it was while working in a Leadville, Colorado, saloon, she took on this big good-looking stud who bragged that he was hard to please.

"This Navajo stud walked in, had a few drinks and put several twenty dollar bills on the counter. I told him to screw off, I wasn't a street walker. But he insisted that we sack in because he liked me, and was sure that I would like him. I looked down between his legs and saw that the poor guy was suffering. We went upstairs







to a cozy bedroom where we made some damn good music.

"That Indian sure knew how to please a filly. We did a "war dance" under the sheets that lasted damn near three hours. He banged away like it was his last piece of tail. I liked that guy. Saw him several more times before he

dropped out of sight. I went to several reservations looking for him, but I was told that he was heading east to New York."

Then there was that little rodeo rider. He was terrific in the sack. But I didn't like when he kept yelling while he was pumping away, "Ride em cowboy!"

"This young Navajo stud walked through the door at the cafe where I was working, put several twenties on the counter and asked me to do a few tricks with him. I told him to screw off—I wasn't a common street walker."







If it wasn't for that big club he had between his legs, and the fact that he knew how to use it, I would have told the little rut to go shaft a cow.

Dolly also loves to talk to strangers. She's given her number to several guys she met

on the bus . while commuting to her latest job as a toll taker on a super highway. "Yep, I've also given my number to a few damn good looking truckers. My phone is busy every night, and we talk about everything—I mean everything!





THE AFRICAN QUEEN

BY HARRY HILL

They still talk of the big white hunter in the dives and saloons throughout Africa. He was a zoologist from London who spent most of his time making out with the ebony beauties found among the natives of various tribes found on the dark continent. And the guy really scored. He went to Africa when he was just twenty-two, and now at almost forty-five, he was well known everywhere.

It was back in 1901. George M.N. Collins III, was his name. He was born of noble French blood, but was raised in England from the age of three. He was known as a young man who could not control his sex drive. He had, at the age of twelve, seduced several girls at school, and by the time he was seventeen, was known as the town's romeo. What decided his parents to send him off to a university known for its strict discipline was the talk of the village.

He had just arrived home from school one day, and his folks were not at home. Putting his schoolbooks away he went to the kitchen for some lunch. Like all middle class families of the time, they had a live-in maid, Denise. She was half-way through her routine of cleaning up, and was now working in the upstairs bedrooms.

After having some left-overs and a glass of milk, George's mind turned to sex.

"Denise," he called, "Are you upstairs?"

"Yes, I'm in the master bedroom," came the reply.

He walked up the stairs, still drinking his milk. He finished the glass and put it down on a small table in the foyer just outside the master bedroom. He walked in just as Denise was making the bed.

"Denise, did I ever tell you that you have a nice figure, especially your breasts and your backside?"

"Why, George, stop talking so foolishly."

"No," I mean it. I want to screw you, what do you say?"

"George, you're being silly. I'm old enough to be your mother!"

"Oh, come off that Denise, you're a sexy woman,

and that's all I see!"

He walked over to her, put one arm around her slim waist and with the other rammed it under her short skirt. She almost melted with desire as he stuck his fingers in her most private parts. He then opened her blouse to reveal a pair of breasts that would heat up the coldest man. They were large, real large, and stood erect like twin peaks. The nipples were now standing ramrod straight.

"George, please, don't," she whispered, but in a way that sounded like, please continue, I love it!

George's hands were now on her breasts, rubbing, kissing, twisting, and squeezing. He moved her gently toward the bed where he almost ripped off her clothes.

"George, what would your father think of this?"

"Fuck the old bastard, he's been fiddling around with you for the past three years, I know all about it because I've been watching you both screwing through the keyhole."

With that, he rammed his stud home and continued to play it out until they both screamed in a heavenly climax. They looked at each other. He thought, what a great piece Denise turned out to be, even at 40, she sure knew how to shift her hips. And she thought, I can't believe it! A mere boy, but the best screwing I ever had. Beats the old man. In fact, the little fucker is so good I'm ready for another round.

"What's that?" said George at the sound of someone coming in the front door.

"The master and the wife!" cried Denise.

They were both in a state of nakedness. George had to think of something fast. "Quick," said George, "Get out through the balcony."

"But George, I have no clothes on!"

"Hell with the clothes, take them with you and get dressed outside. Go!"

Poor Denise, no sooner had she left the room he heard his father coming up the stairs.

"George, what are you doing in my room?"

"I was looking for your book on zoology, I've decided to study up on that subject."

"You're finally getting it together, my boy. It's on the table in the library. Look at that mess, the bed hasn't been made up yet; where in heaven's name is the maid?"

The maid, poor Denise, was now standing in the garden where she thought, she could get dressed without being seen. But, much to her embarrassment, it seems that George's mother and father has arrived with some friends who were now staring at a naked maid with eyes wide open.

That did it, George soon found himself on a train heading for an out-of-town university to study zoology. It seems that Denise was of African descent, and George thought that Denise was a great lay, hell, Africa must be loaded with gals like her. He left for school in high spirits with thoughts of future conquests.

Soon after finishing school he found himself working in the Congo, where he established a reputation

for himself, both in London as a leading scholar, and with the local tribesmen, and women, as "the white man with the big stick."

The local chief, who had 16 wives, often boasted of his good white friend. A feast was given in George's honor every week. Little did the chief suspect that his good friend George was shafting all his wives. It never occurred to the Chief that it was strange that five of his thirty-two children was very light, and with red hair.

George had been in Africa for many years, working (and screwing). Now at the age of forty-five, he heard rumors of Zenda, the fabulous African Queen. She ruled in a remote area of Uganda. It was said that no white man had ever seen the fabulous queen. He had been hearing stories of her fantastic beauty and her lust for hot sex. The more he heard, the more he wanted to have a sexual encounter with the sexy queen.

He had made up his mind, that dame was eating stuff, and he meant to eat her. He rounded up the men, several porters, and set out to meet his eating stuff, as he put it.

They went through the hot jungle from one village to another, asking about the fantastic Zenda, the mysterious African Queen. It was always to the south. And in every village they stopped, George would entertain all the village gals who were thrilled to be screwed by a white man. They thought it was some kind of privilege and gladly gave themselves to his sexual advances.

It was just six weeks later that they finally heard that the great queen's domain was only one day's travel. The next day the group found themselves surrounded by a mean bunch of warriors, all armed to the teeth.

"Me great white hunter. I come from the great queen across the sea to meet your leader. I bring gifts," said George to the one who seemed to be the group's leader.

"Come," he said, "I take you to the great queen Zenda," said the leader as he took away all the weapons.

George didn't like the idea of giving up his weapons, nor of the wild look of the warriors. He had never seen such mean looking people. They soon entered a large village. It bothered him to see the entrance gate decorated by skulls. He was soon led to a large well-built building. He was forced to kneel as the curtain to the door parted and a short fellow with fuzzy feathers covering his body stepped out to announce the queen.

His eyes opened wide as she stepped out. She was fantastic! What a body, what tits, she was built like nothing he had ever seen. She was also very beautiful.

She walked toward him as he rose. She walked around him looking at him from top to bottom.

"You speak English?" asked George.

"Not too much," replied the queen.

"That's nice, where did you learn English?"

"From white men who come to village."

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SEXY JOYCE



A girl who is sure to make it big in show business. Yes, that's what Joyce wants to do when she leaves school. This hunk of female flesh is studying drama at Dumont Acting Academy in California.

"It's not that I'm new in the field, but I do want to do some serious acting," she says. Joyce had appeared in several movies,

but in very limited parts. "The parts I did were small and the pay was even smaller. I've got what it takes to be a good actress, and that's why I've decided to go to acting school."

Joyce comes from a large family in Ohio. There are three sisters and five brothers. Mom and Dad came to the states from Norway when they were very young. Dad taught the kids how







"Sure, I like sex, but with a guy who knows how to make love, like playing with my breasts, kissing me all over, and things like that."









She says that she loves romantic fellows, "one who can give a gal a good thrill in the sack, not a greedy one who just hops in, does his thing and hops out."

to ski, and they're all quite good at it.

"My grandfather was one of the best skiing instructors in Norway. He's still there. The ole' boy is damn near ninety-five!"

We asked her if she also likes modeling for men's magazines. "You bet, how else can I get to meet so many men?" she said. I spent most of the afternoon just answering mail and phone calls. I love to write sexy letters, and meet swinging guys on the phone. They tell me all about their sex lives, and fantasies. I love to talk to men about their sexual activities. I think the whole sex game is just fascinating," she said. "I just love a romantic guy, one who can give real love while in bed, not just a greedy guy who just hops in, does his thing and hops out."

When asked what else does she consider real sex, she said, "I love to screw, but with a guy who can also make love, like playing with my breasts, kissing me all over, and things like that." What rugged male would pass up a chance to be romantic with Joyce? We asked if she would like to receive mail from our readers, she replied, "I look forward to letters from readers. How else can I help my career as an actress? And I also get my jollies from writing, and talking to men about sex things."

You can contact Joyce by sending your letters in care of this publication.



BY RALPH DUGGEN

"Linda, have I got a date for you!" exclaimed Dotty to her girlfriend one afternoon during lunch. Linda, was one of the most attractive girls in the office and it was no secret that she had the most fantastic boobs in town. Her dates could hardly wait to get their hands on her mellons. They were incredible.

"What do you mean?" asked Linda with a raised eyebrow. "I met a guy last week who I think is your 'Mr. Right,'" replied Dotty. He's rich, handsome and all the girls are crazy about him." Linda listened to Dotty rave about the fellow for damn near 15 minutes before she interrupted her. "Listen, Dotty, if this guy is so great, why don't you go for him yourself?" With a sad look on her face, Dotty replied; "I tried, but, I can't make it with him. You see, he has this one problem—he only dates girls with real big breasts, and I'm almost flat!" Linda put down her cup of coffee. "Oh, one of those screwballs!" she almost shouted back at Dotty. "You want to fix me up with a kinky guy that only goes out with a pair of tits. What the hell does he do on dates—eat, drink or hold on to tits all night?"

They paid their bills and went back to the office. They did not say a word until it was almost time to leave for the day. "Look," said Dotty, "You don't have to get so upset about what I said this afternoon, I was only trying to be nice, after all, nobody is pushing you to meet the guy." Linda felt badly that she shouted in the restaurant. "I'm sorry, Dotty, but you know, I've had it with creeps who I've dated just to have them grab at my knockers all night."

The next afternoon, as Linda was entering the building where she and Dotty work, she saw Dotty step out of an extra long stretch limo. With her was the most handsome guy she ever saw. She waited until he got back into the

car, and walked up to Dotty. "Hey, Dotty, who was that dream boat I just saw you with?" With a wink, and a slight smile, Dotty replied; "That's the guy I was telling you about, not bad?"

Linda felt like a fool, and at lunch she asked Dotty to get her a date with her friend.

"Gee, do you think he'll enjoy a date with me?" asked Linda.

"Relax, honey, with your tits, he'll climb the walls. Like I told you, he goes bananas over big tits, and I don't think he's ever seen a pair like yours."

Linda was well aware of her assets. "When can I meet the guy?"

"Tomorrow at lunch. If I was you I'd wear a real low-cut dress or blouse. Something tight and sexy, know what I mean?"

"Yeh, ok, I got the picture. You want me to show off my mellons, right?"

"Listen, that's all the guy is interested in."

"Ok, I won't dissappoint him, say, what's his name?"

"Morris, Morris L. Camper."

"Alright, I'll wear that real sexy, low-cut dress that gets the guys in the office all heated up."

That night, Linda stretched out on her bed, thinking only of her date with Morris. She tried to visualize him naked; was he romantic? Did he make good love? She fell asleep thinking only of her meeting with Morris.

The big day arrived. Both girls spent the morning gabbing about Morris.

"What does he do for a living?" asked Linda.

"He's one of our biggest clients," replied Dotty.

"How big?"

"His family owns three hotels, two country clubs and a chain of magazines, that's how big."

They sat at their usual booth at Mario's that afternoon. They were ordering their meals when Morris walked through the door.

Continued on next page





***He was a real rich fellow
and had the looks to heat
up any hot-blooded fe-
male. But he had a secret
that few persons knew
about—he was tit-crazy!***

THE STRANGE KNOCKERS ON THE WALL

"Hi, Dotty, is this the girl you wanted to introduce me to."

"Yes, yes, Morris, this is Linda, Linda this is my friend Morris."

Dotty wanted them to be alone so she excused herself. "I'll be right back, I forgot to make a very important phone call."

Morris lost no time in making a date with Linda. "Then it's set for Saturday night, I'll pick you up at about 7:30." Linda smiled back, "sure thing, I'll be looking forward to it." She said as she watched Morris go over her body stopping at her breasts. She watched his eyes spread in wonder. The low-cut, tight fitting red outfit was working like a charm. Her large, well-formed breasts pressed forward like twin mountains about to explode. Morris had a strange look on his face. She watched him as he continued to stare at her mountains. He licked his lips several times, but then snapped out of whatever had come over him.

"I have to run, I have an appointment with an important client, see you Saturday."

"You bet," said Linda.

Dotty returned to the table after she saw Morris leave. "Well, how did it go?"

"All set for Saturday night."

Linda spent the rest of the week buying all kinds of sexy outfits and trying them on in front of her large bedroom mirror. She wanted to make a good impression on Morris. "Looks, money, romance, everything a gal can ask for," she thought.

It was exactly 7:00, Saturday. Linda was dressed in the sexiest dress she could find. She also used that expensive perfume she had put away for just such an occasion. The doorbell rang and she jumped. She opened the door to greet Morris who was standing there with a bundle of roses.

"Linda, you look wonderful!"

"Thank you Morris," she said, "You're a little early."

"I've had you on my mind since we met, Linda, I want you to know that you've impressed me in a way I can't explain. In fact, I've arranged for dinner at my place. I really want to get to know you better, do you mind?"

"Why, no Morris, I would be delighted," replied Linda, thinking to herself what a great opportunity to see the inside of his large mansion which was the talk of the town.

He drove the large Cadillac as she sat beside him. She purposely raised her dress above her knees to excite him, but although she had a marvelous set of legs she noticed from the corner of her eyes that all he would gaze at were her breasts which were straining at her dress, like two footballs.



The car pulled into the driveway of Morris's elaborate home. He climbed out and opened the door for Linda. Holding her hand he led her to the front door. As she entered the house, she was overcome by the luxurious layout and furnishings.

"Make yourself at home," Morris said with a smile, "I'll mix us some drinks and we can relax in front of the fire in the library," Morris said as he closed the door behind them—and locked it. Linda walked around the large living room examining every thing. She also noticed a photo of Morris with a beautiful woman and two children, about 10 or 12 years of age. She figured they might be his ex-wife, or maybe a sister and her children. Morris soon came in with two drinks in his hand.

"Here's to us," he said as he led

her towards an inviting fireplace. They sat there for some time, drinking and talking. It didn't take many drinks before they started kissing and petting. Morris couldn't get his hands off her breasts. He hugged them, he squeezed them, he put his head between them and sucked on them. And poor Linda, she was so heated up she almost exploded. She tried to rub him between his legs to sort of give him a hint that she was ready for the sack, but he just kept playing with her breasts.

"Can't we do this in the bedroom, it will be much more comfortable there," Linda suggested.

"Your breasts, they're the most fantastic I ever saw," Morris said.

By this time, Linda was ready to drop a load in her panties. She spread her legs and rolled over on him but he kept avoiding her.

As she rolled over, she noticed something on a far off wall that she hadn't noticed before, possibly because that side of the room was in total darkness.

She almost screamed at the sight. There, mounted on the wall like so many deer heads, were female breasts—all large, and in all shapes.

"Your breasts, I, I must have them!" he whispered into her ear as he bent low over her and continued to manipulate her breasts.

She went numb with fear, "You're crazy, let me out of here!" she screamed at him.

"You don't understand, I need your breasts..." she wiggled out from under him at this point and made a dash for the door. He followed close behind, still insisting, "I must have those breasts for my collection...wait," but she kept on going. She caught a cab about 6 blocks away and once safe at home she called the police for help.

"That's right, he's a madman," she screamed into the phone, "God knows how many girls he's mutilated, I was there, I saw the breasts of many girls mounted on a wall, you must do something," she added.

Continued on page 60



The popular Jackie is back! Since the last time she's posed for us Jackie has joined an up-coming rock group as a drummer. She's also known as a great dancer.

JACKIE

Jackie's back! So many of you fellows wanted to see more of this red-hot, all-American hot-box that we felt she's earned several pages here.

Since the last time she's graced the pages of our magazine Jackie has been making the rounds of many publications such as ours, and is now well known to readers of men's magazines.

She is also a drummer with a new rock group which is on its way up. She claims that drums were her first love. Her boyfriend in high school used to beat the drums, and she loved the sounds so much that she, too, took lessons.

She claims she loves beating the drums. We had an occasion to see her play, and from what we saw, it's no wonder she's got a reputation with the drums.

When she gets going on the drums, her whole body seems to dance to the beat. Her majestic mountains roll and swing. The guys up front spend more time watching her do her stuff than dance.

She is now into the new dance craze called lambada. Her boss says that every guy that has danced with her had to take some valium to









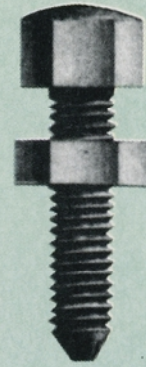


calm him down. "Her body rolls all over her dance partners causing them to flame up. Hey, just look at her big breast swinging." he said as he pointed to her. Jackie loves fan

mail, and if you like what you see, just drop her a line and tell her so. Just write to Jackie, c/o Gem Magazine, 63 Grand Avenue, River Edge, New Jersey 07661.



SCREWY CLASSIFIEDS



by Fred Farkus

PROFESSOR PDQ: Wet dreams analyzed.

INVESTOR WANTED: New movie now in production. Surefire boy-eats-girl story.

VOLUNTEER NEEDED: Local sperm bank wants young ladies to lend a hand.

FOR SALE: Vulva from Sweden. Cherry condition.

SECRETARY AVAILABLE: Blonde, 22, 114 pounds, 5-feet-5inches tall, 36-22-36, types like a mink.

SITUATION WANTED: Man, honest, will take anything. Available in 30 days. Shifty, Box 711, San Quentin.

ESCORT SERVICE: Head or tail? You'll flip for our ladies!

PERSONAL: Lonely Kansas farmer wishes to meet woman with tractor. Please send picture of tractor.

FOR SALE: Beautiful estate on hill overlooking nude beach. Must sacrifice due to failing eyesight.

HELP WANTED: Girl to work as night deposit box in sperm bank.

WANTED: Well-built stud for X-rated movie. \$50 an hour plus fringe benefits.

MOTEL 69: We guarantee the best beds in town for love or money.

JOB WANTED: Girl needs job. No bad habits ... willing to learn.

GIRLS JEANS: Tailored for the world's tightest fit. So tight he can read your lips.

CAR SALESMAN WANTED: Must be able to furnish good references and put up \$5000 Blonde.

PERSONAL: Cat-loving male seeks female with Siamese pussy.

FOR SALE: Small boat by widow with wide bottom.

HORNY WONG CAFE. Best Oriental chef in town. He cock of the wok.

LOST DOG: Aged, toothless husky with only three legs, amputated tail, closed left eye, perforated ear, and bad cough. Answers to name of "Lucky."

FOR SALE: Used Japanese-made vibrator. Genital Electric brand.

COME TO THE BIG YANKERS MASSAGE PARLOR: Our staff will satisfy yours.

SPECIAL OFFER: Tampons for sale, 50% off. no strings attached.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE: One of our insured got her leg broken last month and we paid her \$2000. You may be the lucky one tomorrow.

VISIT OUR LOVELY HULA HANDS MASSAGE PARLOR: We knead your business.

PRIVATE SECRETARY WANTED: Important job involves input and output. Male executives put in, secretaries put out.

A woman with blonde hair is posing on a patterned couch. She is wearing white high-heeled shoes, white thigh-high stockings, and white underwear. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her hands are resting on her hips.

This chick is the answer to a fellow's fantasy. This gal has ambition galore. She's into body building and is also planning on being a female wrestler.

GAME'S GIRL OF THE MONTH SALLY

This girl is not just for any man. She enjoys only wrestlers— big, hairy, ones. She also likes men who love dogs. Now, we won't argue with those big, rough-looking macho wrestlers, but we wonder why she admires men who love dogs.

"It's not that I like men who own dogs, but *wrestlers* who like dogs!" she corrected us after we asked her. "You see, wrestlers look rough and tough, and I don't take any chances with those guys."



But if they love dogs it's a sign that although they're big and rugged, they're still gentle and kind.

That makes sense, but we asked her, "Aren't these palookas supposed to be rough and tough?"

"Yes, but not on a date. One of my friends who also likes to date wrestlers dated the wrong type. He bedded her down one night, and was so rough with her she was taken to the hospital with a busted leg, three broken fingers, a black eye and a fractured tit. The poor guy didn't know his own strength, or maybe he fell asleep and dreamt he was in the ring," she said.

We asked how her friend is feeling, and if she still likes to date rough and tough wrestlers.

"No," she replied, "She now dates small, quiet, guys who love opera music."

This gal has a fantastic background. Her father is a direct descendant of a Turkish Pasha, that is sort of like a mayor. He had six wives, and at least 26 children that are on record. The father left his native village because he was caught in a hayloft with one of the local police chief's wives. He could have lost his head over that escapade. Rounding up as many of his children as he could remember, he bought a one-way ticket to













New York City.

After coming to the USA, her father worked in Coney Island where he got a job as a wrestler in a sideshow. He soon came to be known as Uhsaff, The Terrible Turk." He was such a powerful wrestler that he became world famous. It's because of this that she became fascinated by wrestlers.

Her first bedroom encounter was with one of the wrestlers who worked in her father's act. He was twenty-four, and she was sixteen.

"Since then, I feel only a wrestler could satisfy me."

She claims that wrestlers have a certain movement in their hips, and that they are blessed with over-sized joysticks.

In the near future she plans on spending time at the local gym.

"I've made up my mind to be a female wrestler. I've got the figure, and the movements."

She loves to get mail from her fans. Our gal can be reached at Game Magazine, Post Office Box 428, Nanuet, N.Y. 10954.

THE AFRICAN QUEEN

Continued from page 18

George thought for a while. He was told that no white men had ever been here.

As she walked around him she began to feel his body. She rubbed his chest, then his arms and without warning she grabbed his rod, which hardened like a lead pipe.

"I like," said the queen, still holding on to his rod.

"I must have white man tonight, she smiled, giving his rod a good squeeze.

"That's fine with me, you're eating stuff baby, and you can bet that you'll enjoy me tonight," he replied.

She gave his rod a final squeeze and let go. With a smile she turned and went back into the large hut.

He drooled as he watched her walk away, with her well rounded rump swinging in a teasing sort of way.

He was led to a small hut where he spent the time grooming for a real hot encounter with Zenda, the sexy African Queen. It was dark when two warriors entered his hut.

"You come!" one of them said in a mean tone.

"Unfriendly devils," he thought.

He was led to the queen's hut. He entered the hut to find the queen naked. He smiled at the queen. But he also noticed that there were several warriors present. He wanted privacy.

"Can you have these fellows leave us alone, your majesty, I enjoy making love in private."

The queen smiled back at him, "I want you tonight!"

"Of course, dear, you'll have me tonight, but I do my think privately."

Without warning, two of the warriors grabbed him and undressed him.

"Hey, fellows, I don't need any help. I can take my own clothes off!"

Naked, they then carried him outside.

"Hey, what are you blokes doing?"

Suddenly, he became frantic. There, in front of the queens hut was a large pot filled with water. He was flung into the pot of water just as the queen stepped out of the hut.

"Your majesty, what is the meaning of this, I don't understand?"

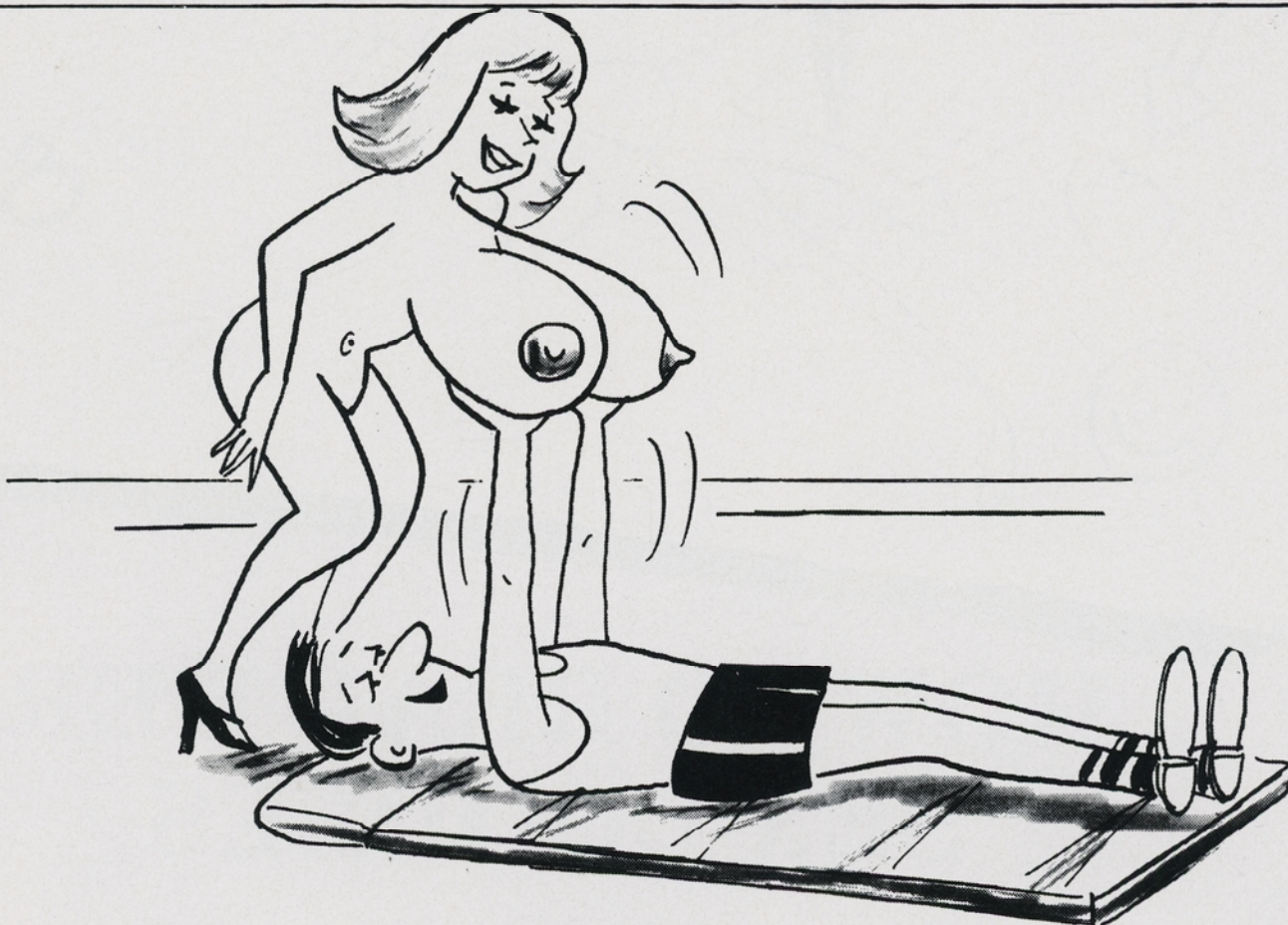
"I want white man for tonight, she repeated.

It was at the moment the fire was lit under the pot that it dawned on him—she wanted him that night—not for sex, but for her dinner! He screamed and yelled, but to deaf ears. There was a big feast in the village that night.

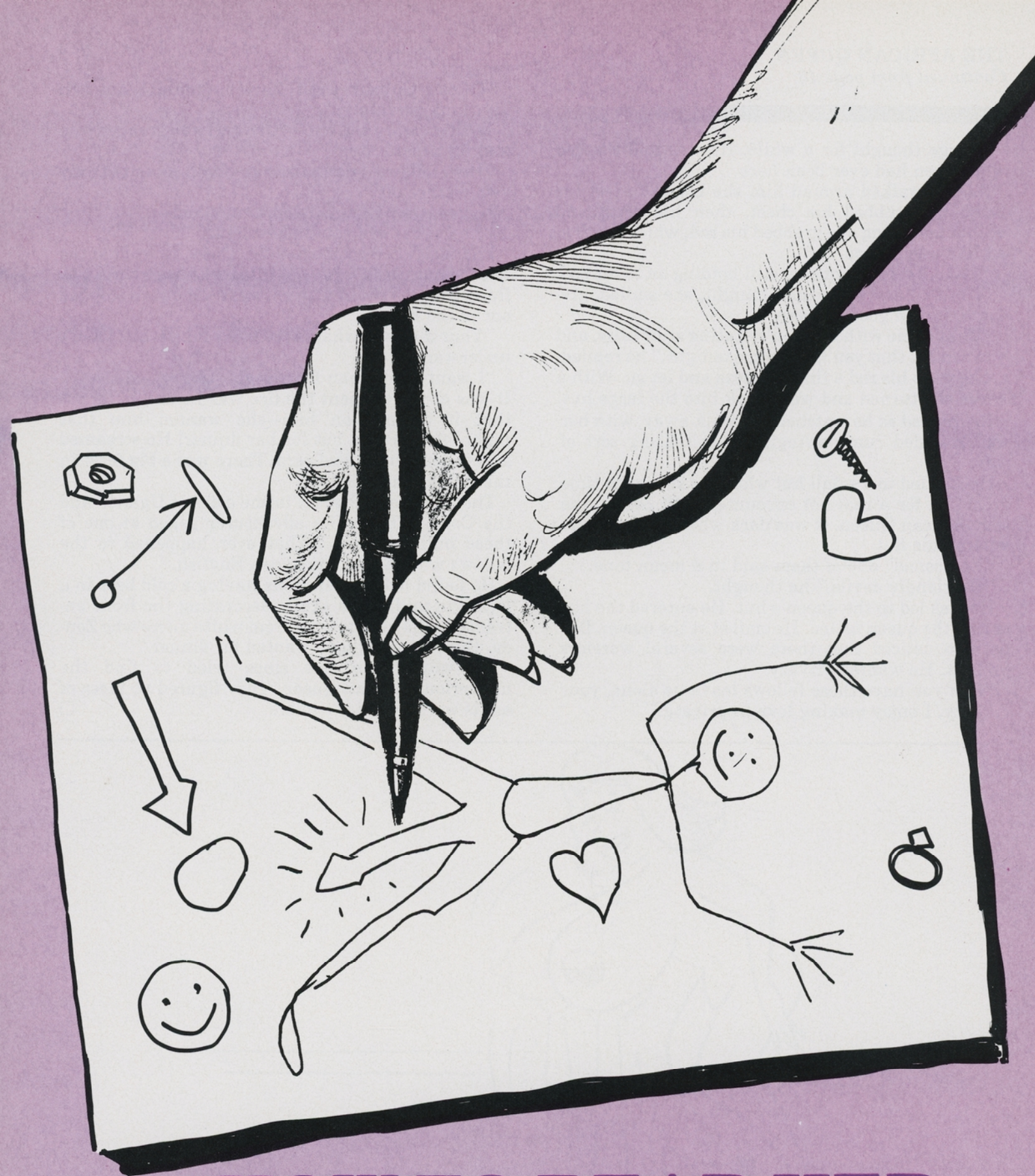
They still talk about it in the cafes of Uganda and the Congo. One white adventurer asked at one of these bull sessions, "What ever happened to the fellows who taught the queen English."

He found his answer while having a cold beer in a local gin-mill. "The skulls decorating the front entrance to the village were from white men—who Zenda, the African Queen wanted for dinner."

No white man has since tried to find the mysterious African Queen. They figured no piece of ass is worth all that trouble. □



"See, lifting weights can be fun!"



HOW TO READ HER SEX DOODLES

Now you guys don't have to guess which gals do and which ones don't. Her doodles will give you the answers.

BY DORRIS SMITH

You can tell at a glance if the girl of your dreams does or doesn't want to *buy it* by her doodles. From her little scrawls, you can know for sure if she has marriage on her mind or if she is just out for a fling in the feathers.

As you know, doodles are those marks, designs or figures that people make in aimless scribbling, especially when the person's attention is elsewhere. Yet they speak a language all their own.

A slip of her pencil while doodling is as revealing as a slip of her tongue, and when you know what symbols to look for, even her hidden sexual desires are easy to read as a-b-c.

For example, if her doodles take on pointed dimensions, such as arrows, stars, and straight lines she is sexually inclined. Pointed scribbling indicates that her subconscious mind is manifesting itself in quickie reproductions of the phallus symbol.

Other "Go" signals are indicated in doodles of sausages, blimps, baseball bats and so on.

Now if the lady scribbles cubic figures, like boxes, squares, and block letters, she is unapproachable for that motel meeting without a great amount of careful planning on your part.

There are "No" symbols put out by her libido as warning signs to the fellow who would proposition her too quickly. Drawings of houses show that she is basically a homebody who loves cooking, cleaning and kids more than she loves to swing it.

If she doodles circles or spirals, she's got marriage in mind. Subconsciously, the circular figures are representative of wedding rings.

If her scribbles take on masculine characteristics—drawings of automobiles, boats, and weapons of war—she is probably a lesbian.

Girls doodle everywhere, on almost anything—from scraps of paper while riding the bus to paper napkins in a restaurant, to programs at a show or racetrack. On a first date, look for her doodles and you can size her up pretty good.

Put yourself in this picture: You are in a bachelorette apartment on a first date with a stunning beauty you met at the beach. Naturally, you are hoping for an evening of fun that will climax in the bedroom. "Will she or won't she?" is the question that flashes through your head.

While she is in another room, getting her coat or touching up her makeup, survey the surroundings

for a sample of her aimless scribbling. You may find such a piece on a pad near her telephone, on the cover of a magazine, on the face of a letter she has received, or on a grocery or laundry list. Doodles can be found everywhere.

Find such a piece of paper with heart shaped doodles on it, and the world is your oyster tonight, and she will award you her pearl. You will notice the heart is formed by bringing the design together with a point at the bottom. *That good old phallic symbol again!* The same goes for X's, for pyramids and for kites.

But you are out in left field in the instant love department if your search turns up the doodle of a wheel. We're back to wedding rings again. And the same goes for drawings of round-faced people, clouds, and cans of soup.

A tic-tac-toe doodle, combining both pointed designs and round ones, demonstrate her mental struggle against giving up her most precious belonging before her wedding night—in other words, she's a virgin, trying to hang on to her virginity.

Other virginity symbols include little sketches of butterflies, frying pans and similarly shaped kitchen utensils or a circle with a star drawn inside it.

Doodling goes all the way back to prehistoric times. Samples of cave-age doodling have been discovered on walls and rock slabs. Originally these were drawn in soft clay. An ancient female, hoping to be borne off by a hairy Harry from a neighboring tribe, probably made long spearlike markings while daydreaming. At least such relics of the past have been unearthed.

Egyptologists know that the sensuous Cleopatra used to doodle pictures of snakes, long and phallus-like, on the papyrus available at that time.

In France of 1769, samples of the doodles of the sexually-aroused Lady DuBarry, notorious mistress of Louis XV, have come under close scrutiny. Her usual doodles were of wine bottles, thick in the middle and pointed at the ends. It's obvious what the lady was thinking about.

The cave woman did it. Modern girls do it. And at long last doodling is given its due.

As a layman looking for a good lay, the basics of doodling can be an asset to your love-life. Pay attention to what a girl scribbles when her mind is wandering. It can be your signal for seduction. □



MARY



Because of popular demand, we decided to do another special layout on desirable, sexy Mary Waters. Since we've last heard from her she has given up modeling to teach physical education at an exclusive New England girls' prep school. In addition to regular classes, she coaches the soccer and swimming teams, as well as the school's

award-winning tennis team. This energetic sportswoman was raised in Tampa, Florida, but now calls New Hampshire, her home. "Things are starting to open up for women in sports," Mary said. "It's certainly about time. The opening of Little League teams to women is a good sign too; it gives young girls today an opportunity I never had. Women seldom get to realize their



potential in sports because society lays down the idea that chicks are supposed to be mediocre athletes and that it's not lady-like for a girl to get heavily into sports. Also the idea that girls would make bad soldiers was shattered when female GIs proved themselves in the recent invasion of Panama."

Certainly, no one has ever leveled that accusation against alluring and lovely Mary. Whether in the classroom or on the soccer field, she excludes pure femininity and









sexiness.

"I enjoy being feminine," says Mary, "but I also believe that a woman should keep herself in shape and be able to take care of herself in a tough situation. I hold a black belt in karate. I teach a class in it and the girls really love it. It's one of my most popular classes."

We asked Mary about the school soccer team. "I know it's unusual for girls to get into

such a rough game, but I think it's good for them. It helps them to get rid of some of their inhibitions—and it's good, healthy exercise. I have never played it myself before I traveled to Europe several years ago. A few college girls invited me to play, and I've been wild about it ever since."

We've been wild about Mary Waters ever since we first laid eyes on her.



You don't have to puzzle any longer about what your strange dreams mean. With this fantasic dream machine, all you do is turn it on and wait for your answers.



THE DREAM MACHINE

BY Dr. I.M. BRAINDRAIN

DREAM You dream you are with the most beautiful, the sexiest and best built girl in the world. In a throaty voice she invites you to jump into bed with her. But, weirdly enough, as you strip off your clothing she begins to turn into an automobile engine.

ANSWER Quick! Try to dream that you're a dipstick.

DREAM It's an awful dream. Both a poodle dog and a pit bull are pumping your leg.

ANSWER Let the pit bull finish.

DREAM You dream that you have won the 6 million dollar lottery. What do you do with the loot?

ANSWER When you go to sleep tonight start spending the lottery money.

DREAM Your mate in a dream world, a lovely brunette, points out that you have grey hairs on the

head but not in your pubic area.

ANSWER That cock of your's never had a worry in its life. Lucky thing.

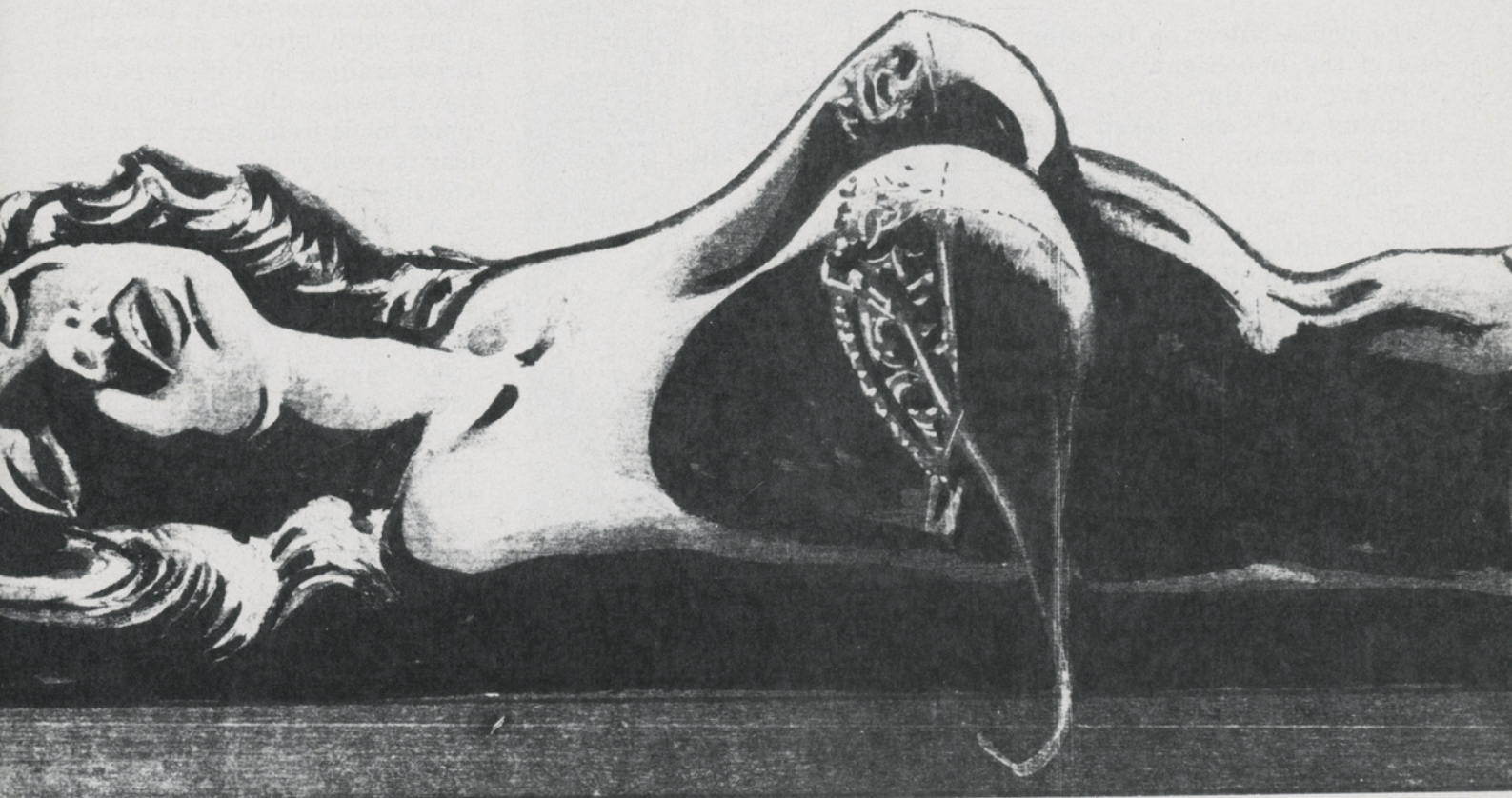
DREAM You dream that you sexually mount your lady from behind and say, "This is the way the blonde neighbor and I do it."

ANSWER You secretly want to become a rodeo rider who can stay on a steed for at least 10 seconds before getting bucked off.

DREAM In your dream an insect bites you.

ANSWER You are going to have a sexual encounter with a WASP—a real hot white, Angle-Saxon Protestant nymphomaniac.

DREAM In your sleep you are Tarzan the Ape Man deep in the jungle, swinging from tree to tree, and giving out that awful yell.



ANSWER The yell means your jockey shorts are two sizes too small, and you're snoring falsetto.

DREAM Nursery rhyme characters invade your sleep. You see Jack and Jill go up a hill and Hansel and Gretel enter a gingerbread house. Later, Jill returns with Hansel and Gretel with Jack.

ANSWER You secretly desire to swap mates with your best friend.

DREAM A real funny dream: You're eating shredded wheat for breakfast.

ANSWER When you wake up in the morning, don't be surprised to find half your mattress gone.

DREAM You are Columbus sailing toward America in a crazy mixed up dream. For months you see nothing but water, water, water. Suddenly one day while on the bridge of your ship you look toward the horizon with a telescope and sight land and—fire hydrants.

ANSWER Obviously a dog is licking your face. You had better get up and take your dog for a walk.

DREAM You dream of a 75-year old lady walking alone on a nude beach.

ANSWER Your underwear needs ironing.

DREAM Your nightmare is of ghosts and goblins, vampires, witches and monsters, they scare the shit out of you.

ANSWER Your subconscious is recalling some of the blind dates you've been stuck with.

DREAM You dream that you are on a TV program on which you lay just about every woman in town.

ANSWER You have recently watched, or are looking forward to watch the movie, "Beaver Valley."

DREAM In your dream you spill neon paint on your penis and it glows in the dark.

ANSWER This is due to the fact that you like to screw your dates with the lights on.

DREAM Your disturbing dream shows you being yelled at by various people. They're shouting, "You're getting too big for your britches!"

ANSWER This dream means that you are having a huge erection.

DREAM You're at work and you find yourself persuading a cute young female-coworker to drop her panties and bend over a desk for your pleasure.

ANSWER In your mind you feel that your boss is working you like a dog.

DREAM You dream your car breaks down in the middle of nowhere. You walk to the nearest farmhouse and ask the farmer if you can spend the night there. The farmer says, "Sure, but you'll have to sleep with my son."

ANSWER Fella, you're in the wrong dream. ☐

BOOBS ON THE WALL

Continued from page 30

The police officer on the other end of the line began to laugh.

"What on earth are you laughing at?" she asked in a curious manner.

"Lady, do you know who the fellow is?, he's one of our most respected citizens who...."

She cut him off, "I don't give a shit who he is, he's a depraved murderer. Stop laughing and do something!" she demanded.

The officer continued laughing, "look lady, you probably didn't give him a chance to explain."

"Explain what?"

"Lady, you no doubt have a large set of breasts, right?" he



said as he stopped laughing.

"Yes, I do, what business is it of yours?"

Well, let me enlighten you. The fellow loves girls with big tits. That's no crime, so do I. But being a guy with plenty of dough to throw around, he finds girls with big breasts—and has plastic copies made from them. That, my dear is what you saw. Sure, they look like the real thing, especially in a dark room, but, that's his hobby, collecting copies of big breasts. There's no law against that, so forget it, go to sleep, good night."

She hung up the phone very slowly, and went to bed. She stayed up awhile looking at the ceiling, and with an "Oh, well, what the hell," she turned out the lights, rolled over and was soon in dreamland. □



"You haven't changed a bit. You look the same as you did in high school."



JANET

Some people are lucky enough to be able to spend their free time in a nice swimming pool. Of course, it's great if you own your own, but most of us have to drive miles to the nearest pool or public beach.

This month's lucky gal spends several days each week in her very own olympic-sized swimming pool, and she loves every minute of it.

Janet's pool also has a natural

rock formation, with a ten-foot high wall. It also features a beautiful flower garden. She says that the wall was built to keep the local jocks from hanging around. "You see," she said, "I do all my swimming in my birthday suit, and you know how guys are." She showed us around her pool, but we couldn't keep our eyes off her fantastic figure.

Janet took us on a tour of her Spanish style house. The structure is a one-level home with a

Her swimming pool has a natural rock formation. There's a ten-foot high fence around it. She says the fence was built to keep the local studs from hanging around.

three-car garage. It's situated on several lovely acres not far from Palm Beach, Florida. The house has 6 bedrooms. She led us on a tour of the house which was very impressive. It seems that her husband is an antique dealer, and has furnished the home with thousands of dollars worth of valuable objects of art. She led us into the master bedroom. It held some very old, but in excellent condition, Spanish furnishings. We couldn't get over the workmanship of the bed—nor of the size of it. The walls held many rare old paintings and a pair of candelabrum that date back to about the fourteenth century.

"Want to take some shots on the bed?" she asked. We said it would be a good idea. She replied with a smile as she mounted the bed,

Janet is not new to the modeling business. She's posed for many magazines, both in the states and in Europe. It was while in Spain that she got her start, and a husband. About two years











Once, some guys sneaked into her backyard. They hid behind some bushes and watched her swim in the nude. She knew they were there, but didn't want to spoil their fun.





ago she took a vacation from her job as a clerk in a Palm Springs bank. While getting some sun at the beach, a Spaniard noticed her great figure and suggested that she do some modeling. He said that he was employed by one of Spain's leading publications and that they would be happy to have her pose for them. She took them up on their offer and in no time at all became a leading Spanish model. She gave up her job and moved to Madrid where she continued to get some modeling assignments.

It was at an antique show that she happened to meet Carlos. They took to each other like fish

take to water, and it was only six weeks later when Carlos asked her to be his wife.

"I did love the guy, but I was also planning to come back to the states. I love the USA and just couldn't see myself staying in Spain. Sure, the dough was great, but my heart was in Florida, my home state."

She said that Carlos did not mind moving to Florida, and, in fact, he had many business connections in the states.

She says that he works out of an office in town, and she plans for social activities. She's also given up modeling, except for rare occasions when the money is there.

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"I couldn't believe it! I was able to save a small fortune just by letting the little bastards squeeze my boobs. Of course, there were some wise guys who wanted to get more for their money."

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

BY LINDA ROSE GOODSON

Sure, she was living high for a girl just 23 years of age. She had everything a young female could want out of life. But she felt that something was passing her up. At the end she knew she had taken the wrong road. But let's start at the beginning.

I was only fourteen years of age when I started to fool around. I wanted a new bike and dad just didn't have the money to get me one. How I envied the girls in school as they showed off their bikes. I was one of the few girls who didn't have one.

I was sitting in the lunchroom one afternoon when I saw one of the guys who I had the hots for. Leo, a real macho fellow, sat down next to me. He was one of the many guys who showed more than a passing fancy in me. I was one of the most popular girls in school. And why not? I had the best damn figure—especially my bust, it was the biggest, and most unusual in the entire school. The guys loved to brush past me, and the girls envied me.

Anyway, Leo saw that I was not too happy, and I told him why. "Well," he said, I can show you how to make the money to get a bike, plus clothes to go along with it."

He said that he could line up most of the guys who would be willing to pay me just to hold my breasts. "It's not like being a prostitute," he said, "The guys will be willing to pay up to 5 dollars just to hold your breasts for awhile, that goes for me too, what do you say?" What the hell, nothing wrong with that, about fifteen guys at five bucks a head, that's seventy-five dollars. "Ok," I said, when do we start?"

Let me tell you, I made out better than I thought—the first month brought in over 400 dollars! True, it was easy, but there were some rough times. Like that idiot Robert. He squeezed my breasts so hard I almost screamed. The bastard also dropped his load on my new dress. Then there was Albert, a real rough moron. He thought the five bucks entitled him to some rough sex. And on it went till graduation when I found that I had saved

almost 4,000 dollars.

It was then that I found that I couldn't stop what I had begun. There was more money that working at McDonalds or the Pizza Hut. I did try to get a good job but that also caught up with me. Let me tell you about the time I landed a job with a local insurance business. I was to be a clerk typist. The boss, a bald, middle-aged fellow still had some steam in the furnace. One day, while typing at my desk, he came up from behind me and just reached out to grab my breasts. He was shocked when I told him it would cost him 50 dollars.

I lost that job about two weeks after that. I had a boyfriend at the time. Manny was his name. After about seeing each other for several months, and like an idiot, I gave in to him. I lost my virginity at the age of 18.

Manny was one rough and inconsiderate son-of-a-bitch. He wanted sex every day, sometimes twice a day. I remembered the first day, and how rough he was with me. I was cooking in the kitchen when he came up behind me. He grabbed me and dragged me to the bedroom. I told him that I wanted to think about this before we started since I was still a virgin. He just ignored me. He tore my clothes off, threw me on the bed. He grabbed my breasts so hard I yelled at him to stop. He then started to bite on them while at the same time spread my legs and rammed his rock-like penis into my vagina. He was a rough bastard, but, I must say, one hell of a lover.

What turned me off to Manny was the fact that he could never hold down a job. The final blow came when he suggested that I find a rich boyfriend who could support both of us. I then did some heavy thinking and walked out on him.

I then went to a modeling school. I had the looks and the figure. Several months later I landed my first job as a fashion model. I did very well at it, and I made the covers of some of the nation's leading magazines. If you saw my photo, you would know

Continued on next page



who I am. It was one of the buyers who was instrumental in getting me started. Larry asked me out to dinner one day. He took me to a very expensive joint, one where the guys with the megabucks hang out after work. He introduced me to several good looking guys and told me how much they were worth. He finally got to the point.

"Look," he said, "these guys are loaded, and would love to get you between the covers. They can pay plenty if you are willing." I acted like I was in shock, but in reality, would have screwed these guys for free. "I could use the dough, how much will they pay?" I asked. "Well, I am sure that they will come across with a decent fee," he replied. Again, I asked, "How much?" He smiled, looked me in the eyes and replied, "about a grand a night." I couldn't believe my ears! That's about seven thousand dollars a week, and just for having fun! "Ok," I said, "when do I start?"

"look baby, I don't work for free, my fee is 35 percent per night, that's what the other girls pay. I should have figured that he was a lousy high class



pimp, but I went along with him.

It was a great deal. I got myself a wonderful apartment on Central Park South, and in no time at all was pulling in about 10 grand per week. My first year brought in over one-hundred thousand bucks. Well, I didn't know it at the time, but my troubles would soon start.

I soon found that I was one of about six girls who was kicking back to our "agent." Three were models and three were small time actresses. The customers would call us for an appointment. We would make the deal on the phone and arrange for a date. Some guys were real gentlemen, but others, well I could describe them by calling them animals, but then again, it does little justice to animals. The one guy I hated to do business with was a guy who would pay big bucks for a trick. I just had to stop seeing this palooka even if he did pay well. His idea of sex was real kinky. For example, when he dived in bed, he would ram his rod so hard I thought for sure I was

being stabbed. Then he would continue to pump while slapping me on the backside. After one of these encounters I was sore, both in front and behind. One time he came dressed as a caveman—complete with a club. I let him in the door after he promised to leave the club in the hall. In this business you've got to be prepared for anything, and everything.

Every good thing comes to an end sooner or later. With me it was after working as a call girl for about 14 months. One night, I got up to answer the door at about 2 in the morning. When I opened the door several guys rushed in with guns in their hands. They turned out to be narcotics cops. It seems someone called the police and told them that there were drug dealers living and operating out of my apartment. I was taken to the stationhouse where I was drilled and kept overnight. They found nothing in my apartment and I was free to go the next day. I later found out that one of the girls who were working the Johns called the cops because she was envious of me. The arrest did me little good with my steadies, and they began to avoid me.

It took some time to sink in, but I was washed up with the Johns with the big money. Being "respectable" citizens, they couldn't afford to get caught at their pastime, and many of them had wives. Because of the arrest I found that work was also hard to come by. After several months without work I used up my savings and found a little one bedroom apartment on the lower east side. It was a long way from Central Park South. A walk-up apartment located on the top floor. But at 250 dollars a month it was all I could afford. I took a job as a waitress in Chinatown.

I worked there for 4 months and met Zachary, a real nice, hard working fellow. He would come in after work for his favorite Chinese dish. I found some happiness rapping with the guy. Then one day, it happened again. I found myself caught up in a maze of trouble.

As I was leaving work one evening, a car pulled up to the curb. Two men jumped out, grabbed me and shoved me into the rear seat. I was given a needle and the next thing I knew I was tied down to a bed. I opened my eyes to see several orientals looking down at me.

I managed to ask them what did they want from me. "We know all about you, and we feel that we could make some money if we recruited you to work along with our other girls," the short fat man said. "You will live here, eat here, and do as we say, and if you behave you can save yourself some trouble," said the tall thin guy with a sly smile as he waved a short club at her.

"For about a year I went through a living hell. Working as many as 12 men a day. I got little sleep and at times, they would beat me if I didn't please my John.

It was an answer to her prayers when the police found her and broke up the sex ring.

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A pollster taking a sex survey asked the pretty apartment dweller, "Do you perform fellatio?"

"That," said the girl, "depends on the fella."

Two cannibal women were eagerly eating a man who had just been cooked. "How you doing?" asked the gal at the head end.

"I'm having a ball," replied the other.

"Dammit," said the first, "You're eating too fast."

After the motorcycle cop gave the woman a Breathalyzer test to see whether or not she had been drinking, he announced sadly, "Lady, you've had a few stiff ones."

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Mae Ellen is sure easy to look at . . . she never pulls down the shades.

The passionate airline stewardess and the horny astronaut went to bed together. A few seconds later the lady cried out in a fury as the sky guy ejaculated prematurely. The spaceman explained in embarrassment, "Sorry, I just didn't have time to countdown before blast-off."

Sally, a lady of easy virtue, visited cocktail lounges and picked up men everytime her truck driver husband was on the road. Following one big motel bang, a traveling salesman asked, "Sal, how many husbands have you had?"

Grunted she, "Do you mean counting my own?"

Love hungry Lily wants to get married in the worst way. Every time she balls a fellow, she asks, "Honey, how would you like to do this every night?"

"What's an orgy?" someone asked Nanette, the nympho. "A horny of plenty" she said.

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I NEED IT — BAD

Sometimes I get the itch so that all 113 pounds of me cries out to be crammed full of your love. Are you man enough for me? If you think so I'll send you 8 photos of me nude, posed just the way you'd want me. Please enclose \$3 to cover the cost. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE, P.O. Box 483-C-657
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912

PRIVATE Dancer

"I can make
your cock dance
just for me."
Call me,

AE/V/MC

DIRECT CALLS

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271-1097**



Hot Talker

"Hey, babe,
I'm the hottest
slut in
phone sex.
Call me...you'll see."

Christy

**(212)
840-1060**

MC/VISA/AE

Nights On Hot Satin

For wild, untamed
Phone sex—
Ask for,
Andrea



305-963-3144

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DIRECT CALLS

I WANT YOU TO

**SUCK
ON
THEM
NOW!**

My tits
will smother
you with
pleasure.
Ask for

**Madame
Morgana
305-
962-4099**



Direct
Call
Backs
TTS™

THE 900 CONNECTION

YOUR GUIDE TO EXCITING 900 NUMBERS

BIZARRE SECRETS

LISTEN TO WILD
UNCENSORED
CONFESSIONS
WITH CONTACT
PHONE NUMBERS.

OR RECORD YOUR
OWN MESSAGE.



1-900-646-SINS

SECRET CONFESSIONS



SIZZLING TRUE
CONFESSIONS...
BIZARRE, BUT
TRUE.

IT'S THE LINE
EVERYONE'S
TALKING ABOUT.

1-900-535-TRUE

INTRO-LINE USA
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LIVE PARTY LINE ①
1(900)999-LIVE

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1(900)535-TRUE

NATIONAL DATELINE
1(900)258-LOVE

DATE-LINE USA
1(900)456-DATE

SINGLES CONNECTION
1(900)535-MEET

SINFUL EXCHANGE
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JOIN THE PARTY LIVE!



FOR OUTRAGEOUS
NON-STOP ACTION CALL
THE NATIONAL LIVE PARTY
LINE!

MEET NEW FRIENDS
EXCHANGE PHONE NUMBERS
AND???

1(900)999-LIVE ①

MAKE THE CONNECTION

4 GREAT WAYS TO MEET SEXY GIRLS



THE DATING CONNECTION

REAL WOMEN WHO
WANT TO DATE
NEW AND EXCITING
MEN.
CALL TODAY

1(900)646-DATE

THE NATIONAL DATELINE

SINCERE SINGLES
SEEKING LONG
TERM RELATIONSHIPS
WANT
TO MEET YOU

1(900)258-LOVE

INTRO-LINE USA

MEET YOUR IDEAL
LOVER ON INTRO-LINE
USA. THE WILDEST
BULLETIN BOARD
ANYWHERE.

1(900)999-LINK

SINGLES CONNECTION

THE EXCITING NEW
WAY FOR SINGLES TO
MEET. FOR DIRECT
CONTACTS
IN YOUR AREA.

1(900)535-MEET



SPONSORED BY A.C.G. ALL CALLS \$2.00 1ST MIN. 95¢ EA. ADDITIONAL MIN.

① Not available in all areas

SPECIFY ☐ VHS OR ☐ BETA WHEN ORDERING FROM COMPANIES BELOW

See our stuff... before you buy! Huge dildos, beads & vibrators bringing steamy cunts to juicy orgasms!

LEZ LUST

VIDEO AND MAG TITLES

1. Sweet & Wet
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3. Roommates
4. Hungry Snatch
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6. Housewives in Heat

MUST BE 18 YEARS OR OLDER TO ORDER. SEND ENTIRE AD AND REMITTANCE TO:

- 6 Sample Videos \$5
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- Color Catalog \$5
- Rush Service \$1

CAMEO VIDEO
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EBONY EROTICA
ALL BLACK • ALL HARDCORE
30 VIDEOS

DON'T MISS THIS FABULOUS OFFER OF BLACK SATIN ACTION.

FREE Postage & Handling

- ONLY \$12 For All 30 Videos
- 8 All Color Mags \$6

Must be 18 years or older to order.

BLACK SATIN
Dept.
P.O. Box 12007 Merrillville, IN 46411

FREE • FREE • FREE • FREE
20 HARDCORE VIDEOS!
YOU PAY P & H ONLY

Every 30 minute tape is jammed packed, crammed with the hardest, hottest sex imaginable!

- Send \$6 for P&H All 20 Videos
- 12 Free Cum Dripping mags \$5 for P&H
- \$5 Delivery Insurance
- \$1 Super Rush Delivery

Must be 18 years or older to order.
Send entire ad & remittance to:

ONE TIME DEAL Dept. N131
P.O. Box 370 New Buffalo MI 49117-0370

BI • SEXUAL VIDEO

25 VIDEOS OF GUYS DOING GIRLS AS WELL AS OTHER GUYS.

15 Videos \$6 **25 Videos \$8** **20 Mags \$7**
All Color Catalogs with order only \$5
Super Rush Service \$1 **Delivery Insurance \$1**

Must be 18 yrs. to order. Use entire ad to order & remittance

OFFBEAT OFFERS Dept. N131
P.O. Box 10935 Merrillville, IN 46411

BIG FUCK'N TITS

Big tits being fucked sucked and splattered with cum...

16 TITLES ONLY \$12
36 HARDCORE • ALL COLOR MAGS UP TO 8 1/2 x 11 ASSORTED MAGS \$19.95

Must be 18 yrs. to order. Send entire ad & remittance to:

MAMMOTH PRODUCTIONS Dept. N131
P.O. Box 10935 Merrillville, IN 46411

LITTLE VIDEOS & MAGS

Now available to U.S. customers for the first time - not sold in any store - Innocent tarts fucked, sucked and screwed beyond your wildest imagination for the first time!

- 15 Videos for \$8
- 40 Videos for \$12
- 20 Slick, Glossy All Color Mags \$10
- \$1 Rush Service
- \$1 BONUS GIFT

SEND NAME, ADDRESS & REMITTANCE TO:

APEX INDUSTRIES Dept. N131
25 E. Washington, Suite #939
Chicago, IL 60602

90 CUMSHOTS

ON ONE VIDEOTAPE... THAT'S MORE THAN ONE A MINUTE!

YOURS FREE! Just to get you on our mailing list! You only pay \$6 for P&H! **Must be 18 years or older to order. Send name and addr. to:**

VIDEO OFFER 11
Dept. N131
P.O. Box M877
Gary, IN 46401-0877

- Add \$3 for First Class Service
- Add \$1 for 100% Delivery Ins.
- Add \$5 for 48 Page Color Cat.

COLOSSAL COMBO MAGAZINES!!!
Over 500 pages of hot pictures & cumshots. Send only \$9 P&H.

TEN INCREDIBLE VIDEOS

QUEENS OF DOUBLE PENETRATION

Every 30 minute cassette is jammed with the hardest double fuckin action imaginable!

20 MAGS JUST \$8
All twenty All Color All Hardcore European size up to 8 1/2 x 11

INTRODUCTORY OFFER \$5 each or all 10 for \$10 & we pay the P & H

- All My Holes
- Greased Holes
- All The Way In
- 3-way Cum
- Crotches For Cum
- Fucking Threesome
- Double Black Fantasy
- Double Fucked Special
- Double Fucked Blondes
- Amber Lynn Double Fucked

Must be 18 years or older to order.

Use entire ad to order. Send full name and address and remit to:

FANNYS VIDEO Dept. N131
P.O. Box 5460 Chicago, IL 60680-5460

SIZZLING SHE MALES

16 Hardcore Fucking Sucking Videos...

THEY LOOK LIKE SLUTS... BUT FUCK LIKE STUDS WITH DICKS IN THEIR PANTIES! THEIR CHICKS WITH DICKS!!

- All 16 Videos ONLY \$12
- Rush \$1
- Catalog \$8
- 100% Del. Insur. \$2

Must be 18 years or older to order. Use entire ad to order and remit to:

SURPRISE SALES Dept. N131
P.O. Box "S" Michigan City, IN 46360

SUPERHEAD

★ 25 VIDEOS ★
Watch amazing deep throat action as these cock hungry sluts slurp up every drop!

- 10 Videos \$5
- 25 Videos \$8
- 15 Cum Dripping Mags \$6
- \$1 Rush Serv.
- \$1 Insurance

Must be 18 years or older to order. We want you as a buying customer. Send full name and address & remit to:

PATE VIDEO Dept.
P.O. Box M827 Gary, IN 46401-0827

FREE • FREE • FREE • FREE
WE'LL FILL YOUR MAILBOX
WITH HARDCORE VIDEOS • MAGAZINES • RUBBER GOODS

ALL SUBJECTS CIRCLE PREFERENCE

**STRAIGHT
GAY
BI-SEXUAL
TRANSEXUAL
LESBIAN**

RUSH \$5 FOR GIANT CATALOG & FREE SAMPLE BEFORE YOU BUY.

Must be 18 years to order. Use ENTIRE ad to order. Send full name and address and remit to:

LEISURE CONCEPTS 43 DEPT. N131
PO Box 10688 MERRILLVILLE, IN 46411

AMERICA'S DIRTIEST HOME VIDEOS!

30 RAUNCHY VIDEOS

Ever wonder what nasty, sexy things your neighbors are doing behind closed doors? Well here's your chance to look in on the private sex acts committed by REAL PEOPLE in their own houses. Here's the real thing you've been waiting for!

- All 30 Videos only \$12
- \$5 First Class Service
- \$2 Insurance

Must be 18 yrs. to order. Send full name & address and remit to:

TAKE ONE Dept. N131
P.O. Box 10935 Merrillville, IN 46411



Danish Delights

1-900-386-6900

Beautiful
Scandinavian women
and ladies of all na-
tions seek nice men for
dating, romance, and
good times together.
Other exotic ladies
available also. Can you
show a lonely lady a
good time? Call any
time-24 hours a day!

Adult callers over
21 only please. \$2 a minute.




Live All Night
1-900
568-LIVE
(THAT'S 1-900-568-5483)

We do it all night long
(and all day long, too).
Real names and home
phone numbers of ladies for
LIVE one-on-one action
the way you like it.

Adults Only. \$2 a minute.



LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?

1-900

346-HOTS

(THAT'S 1-900-346-4687)

**DIRECT CONTACT
WITH HOT YOUNG
GIRLS WHO WANT
TO PLEASE YOU!**

Callers must be over 18. \$2 a minute.

CONFESSIONS

1-900-468-6565

FANTASIES

1-900-230-4545

OBSESSIONS

1-900-535-5656



THE FIRE, THE LUST, THE SHAME
WHERE REAL WOMEN TELL ALL

Adults Only. \$2 a minute.

MAN ENOUGH TO PLAY MY GAME?

